

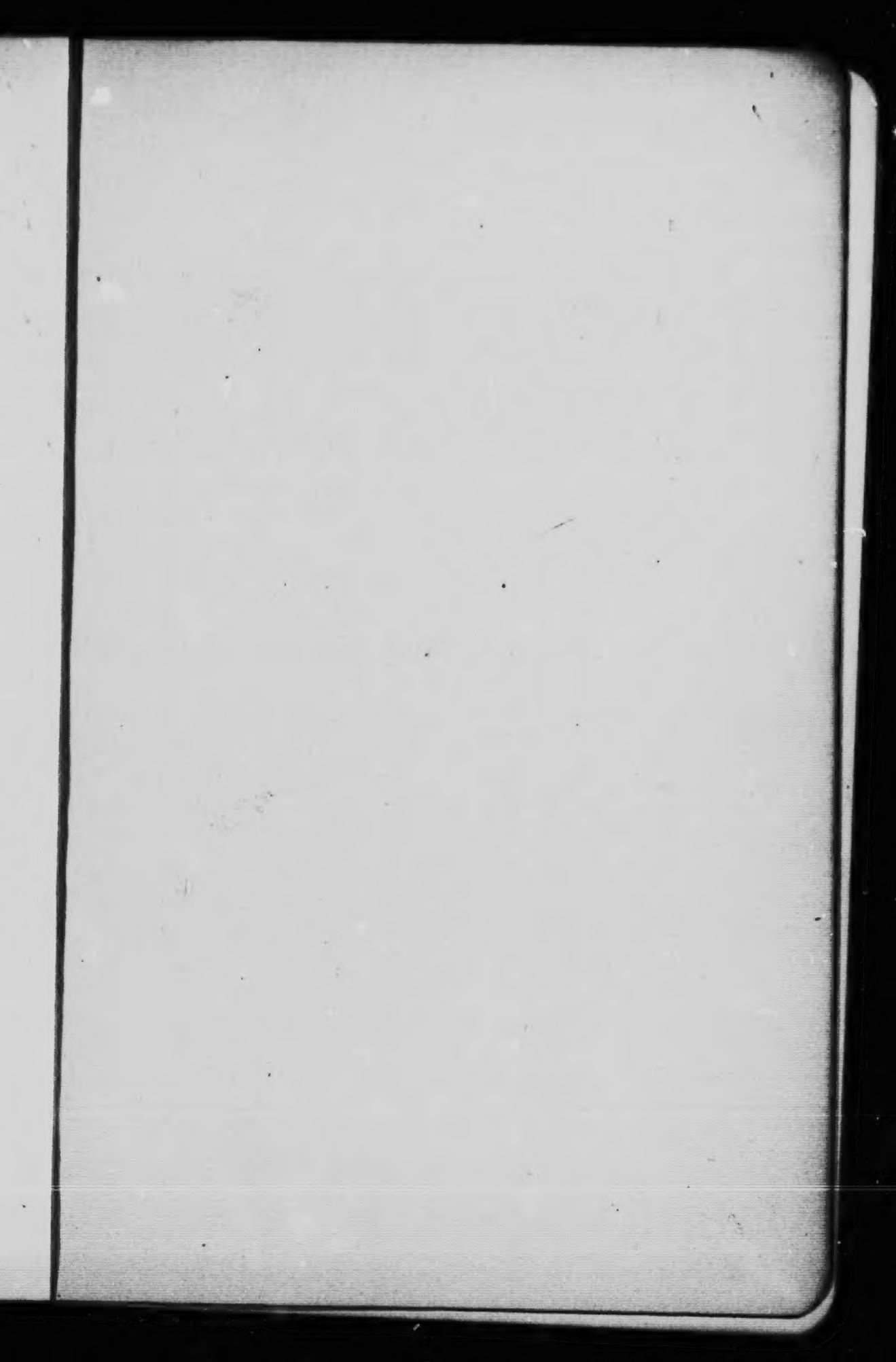


~~John Bruchy. Librarian~~

To J. P. Whitney Esq. K.C.M. P.P.

WITH THE AUTHOR'S COMPLIMENTS.







WARD H. BOWLBY, M.A., K.C.,  
*Crown Attorney,*  
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A VOYAGE  
FROM  
CANADA TO EGYPT  
AND A  
TWO MONTHS' TRIP ON THE RIVER  
NILE IN A HOUSEBOAT

BY  
WARD H. BOWLBY, M.A., K.C.,  
*CROWN ATTORNEY*,  
BERLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA.

*EDITION DE LUXE.*  
*FOR PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.*

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WARD H. THROWER, JR., B.  
CROWN  
PHOTOGRAPHY  
BOSTON, MASS.

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# A VOYAGE FROM CANADA TO EGYPT

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BY

WARD H. BOWLBY, M.A., K.C.,

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I am commencing to write this brief account of part of my present trip abroad on board our houseboat, at the foot of the first cataract on the River Nile in Upper Egypt, at a distance of over 700 miles from the Mediterranean Sea and 6,500 miles from our Canadian home. We have now been on board this boat, sailing up the river, four weeks to-day, which is the 2nd of February, 1899, and we expect to be on board four weeks more, sailing down the river, including several long

stops, which we are to make on the way down, to visit those ruins of ancient cities, temples, tombs, obelisks and monuments which we did not see while going up the river. I will write this article piece-meal, from day to day, a little at a time, when not engaged in sight-seeing, or in reading, or in loafing around, or in taking my daily walks on deck, or along the shores of the Nile, and I will finish it at Cairo and at Port Said on our departure from Egypt to go on board a steamer, sailing from that port on the Mediterranean Sea to Syrian ports, conveying us on our way to visit the Holy Land.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Perley of Ottawa, Canada, with their little daughter Ethel, and a lady friend of Mrs. Perley, left home on the 3rd of November, 1898, on their way to the city of Cairo in Egypt, where they were to remain until my wife and I should join them in that city at or about Christmas Day, 1898. On the eve of my departure for Egypt, on the 5th of December, 1898, those of my personal friends who are

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members of the Berlin Club gave me a farewell dinner at the club, which went off very pleasantly, and on the following morning Mrs. Bowlby and I left our home at Berlin, Ont., Canada, in a blinding snowstorm of a Canadian winter's day (which was a most striking contrast to the weather we have had here in Egypt, where the green fields of wheat and barley are just heading out), and on our way to New York our train was snow-bound for a whole night at Buffalo, but, as our steamer would not sail from New York for three days yet, we were sure to reach that city in ample time to catch the steamer, and, as it was, we arrived in New York in the evening, instead of in the morning, of the day in which our train was due to arrive there, and we found, waiting for us at the Murray Hill Hotel, my wife's sister, Mrs. Farr, and her husband, Mr. H. M. Farr, of Holyoke, Mass., who gave us a warm greeting and spent a couple of days with us before we sailed. While we were in New York our friends, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Breit-

haupt, had us take dinner with them at their fine residence in Irving Place.

On the morning of the 10th of December, 1898, we went aboard that magnificent great steamer the *Auguste-Victoria*, and on going to our state-room we found that another sister of my wife, Mrs. Walker of Cambridge, Mass., had caused to be hung up large photographs of herself and her daughter to remind us that we were not forgotten by them, and we also found there awaiting us a telegram from my brother, Dr. D. S. Bowlby, of Berlin, Can., and his wife, wishing us a safe and prosperous voyage, and a letter to the same effect from my friend, Mr. W. R. Travers, the Berlin Manager of the Merchants Bank of Canada. Soon afterwards our great steamship sailed out of New York harbor for Naples, Italy. We expected a terrible passage across the Atlantic, as all the incoming steamers at New York reported having encountered fearful gales of wind, but in this we were agreeably disappointed, as we had the most charming weather for the

whole eleven days of our sea voyage, and all the way to Italy the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea looked as if they were both covered with an undulating sheet of glass, and were as calm as the waters of the lake of our own Victoria Park, in Berlin, Ont., while the great floating palace of an ocean steamer, in which we were sailing, was big enough to cover all the waters of that lake, including Roos island in its centre. We just chanced to slip in between two great ocean storms, as immediately after we landed in Italy the coasts of the British Isles and the Straits of Gibraltar were swept by tremendous gales and tempests.

On our eighth day out from New York we landed at Gibraltar, and, taking a carriage, drove from the wharf through the town to the entrance to the great British fortress, where, under the guidance of a British soldier, we walked through many of the secret passages and tunnels that penetrate the very high mountain of solid rock and viewed the largest cannon in the world,

and then drove down on the narrow strip of low land which separates the great rock of Gibraltar from Spanish territory, and, going far enough to be, for a moment, in Spain, we immediately drove back to the wharf, after having spent five hours of great interest, and went on board a little steam tug, which took us out of the harbor to our steamer, when we proceeded on our voyage to Naples, arriving there on the morning of the 21st December, 1898, during a rain-storm which lasted all day and cleared up at night cold, and on the following morning we found thin ice on the waters in the park in front of our hotel.

We spent four days in Naples very pleasantly, visiting the Museum, the Aquarium, and other objects of interest. One day was taken up in visiting the ruins of the city of Pompeii, which city was buried by an eruption of ashes and lava from the adjacent Mount Vesuvius about 2,000 years ago, and which has been dug out within the last few years and is being excavated more

and more every day. We found the old buried city in a much better state of preservation than we had expected, and we both had a splendid day's enjoyment, though Mrs. Bowlby had seen these ruins seven years before, when the excavations were not so extensive as now. I have frequently read glowing descriptions of the beauty of the Bay of Naples and no doubt the reader has often heard the expression "See Naples and then die," and, in consequence, I had formed a most exaggerated notion of the beautiful scene I was going to behold on entering the bay. If we were somewhat disappointed at the view on entering the Bay of Naples by day-light, on a rainy forenoon, we were more than compensated for this disappointment by the great beauty and grandeur of the scene on going out of that bay at night.

We sailed from Naples for Alexandria, Egypt, in the *Regina Margherita*, a good Italian steamer, on the evening of the 24th of December, 1898, leaving the wharf of Naples just before six

o'clock p.m. when the city was all ablaze with gas and electric lights. The city is built in a semi-circular form around the end of the bay, and back a little distance from the water is a range of high hills, and the city extends right up the sides of these hills, street above street, to the very top, presenting the appearance, when viewed from the bay, of the seats in one half of a circus tent, or of an amphitheatre, while along the edge of the waters of the bay is a continuous row of gaslights on gasposts, looking, in the distance, like the footlights of an enormous stage of a vast theatre covering acres and acres in extent. Turning from this view of the city, and looking off to the right, we behold the mighty Vesuvius, near the top of which is a red glow of fire, and out of its very top pours forth a continuous torrent of smoke, gas, or steam, which for a time creeps down the mountain's side and then darts up towards the star-lit sky. To the right of Vesuvius we see the town of Sorrento and the Island of Capri. The whole presented a grand

and magnificent spectacle never to be forgotten. So soon as we got outside the bay the sea was very rough and continued rolling mountains high during nearly all of the voyage of 1,100 miles to Alexandria, and calmed down on the morning of the 26th December, about four hours before we reached Alexandria.

On Christmas Day all the passengers on board were sea-sick, except one American lady and myself, and it was, indeed, a long, miserable day, but some comfort can be obtained out of any situation, however disagreeable it may be, for are we not coming nearer and nearer, every hour, to our daughter—our only child—Mrs. Perley, who, with her husband and her daughter, are awaiting us at Cairo, Egypt, which is only 130 miles by rail from Alexandria?

On the morning of the third day out from Naples we all began to look anxiously over the calm blue sea for the low-lying Egyptian shores, when suddenly there came into our view the Minaret towers belonging to the Mosques of

Alexandria, and soon afterwards we see the land of ancient Egypt, the cradle of human life. Our steamer passes behind the great stone break-water, of some two miles in length, and thence to the inner harbor of Alexandria, a city that was founded by Alexander the Great 332 years before the birth of Christ, and which has now 320,000 inhabitants. We see the ships of all nations—tall British, French, Austrian, German, Italian and Norwegian steamers moored to the quays—a forest of spars and masts on merchant vessels lying out in the harbor, and beyond them the black hulls of British and Russian war-ships, and the flags of all nations flying to the breeze over all this shipping. We see crowded on the wharves, and in small boats, men of every color and in every style of dress—red Egyptians in blue or white or black shirts reaching below the knees, with bare feet and turbans on their heads—black Soudanese in similar shirts and small rolls of white cotton cloth wound around their heads—swarthy brown Syrians wearing a red fez cap,

a velvet jacket, a sash around the waist, a huge petticoat sewn together at the bottom, leaving only holes for the feet, and patent leather boots—and many other kinds of dresses equally strange. We are in the East. This is truly Oriental.

While standing on the hurricane deck of our steamer, looking in wonder at this strange scene, I heard a voice from one of the small boats calling out "Meester Bowlby," when I raised my head and hand and saw that my name was being called by a man wearing a cap bearing in gilt letters the words "Grand Hotel, Cairo," which I knew to be the hotel where my son-in-law was staying, and so this man was the porter of that hotel. I had scarcely recovered from my surprise when this man came aboard with a line from Mr. Perley and assisted me to pass my baggage through the Custom house. All I had to do was to write on my visiting card these words, "Three large pieces, four small pieces—nothing to declare," and hand the card to the

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Customs officer, and the thing was done without opening a trunk or a bag. We then took a carriage and drove around the city through many streets or lanes, crowded with men in various costumes and women wearing veils covering their faces to their eyes, and donkeys and camels bearing well-balanced burdens of stone or other material on their backs, winding up our drive in a good wide street at the Hotel Khedivial where we partook of an excellent lunch and then drove out to see Pompey's Pillar, which is a granite column standing about 150 feet high, and is now the only relic of antiquity in the city. We then took the train for Cairo, going all the way through a level plain of rich soil, which has been left here by the overflowings of the Nile during past ages, and which was now all marked off by the irrigating canals and ditches into squares looking, in the distance, like a checker-board, and upon which were growing luxuriant crops of various kinds, including cotton and sugar-cane. We arrived at

Cairo at eight p.m. and going to the Grand Hotel received a warm welcome from my daughter, granddaughter and Mr. Perley, who were all in good health and spirits, and overjoyed at seeing us both well in the land of the Pharaohs.

We spent eight days in Cairo, which has a population of 600,000, and lies along the east bank of the Nile. On the morning after our arrival Mr. Perley brought to me our dragoman, named Joseph, a stout Syrian man, who wears a red velvet vest under a blue cloth gold-worked jacket, a variegated sash around his waist, a wonderful cream-colored silk skirt, and a Turkish red fez on his head. Joseph immediately kissed my hand, and I was then told that this dragoman was to guide us during our stay in Cairo and to take charge of us while on a trip up to the first cataract of the Nile and back on a dahabeah. I never heard of a dahabeah before, and I was wondering whether it was the Arabic word for a special car or a pack of camels, but I kept discreetly silent till I afterwards learned,

incidentally, that it was a peculiar kind of house-boat, used only on the river Nile by small parties desiring to travel leisurely. Under the guidance of our gorgeously attired dragoman we saw Cairo thoroughly. We drove in carriages to see the new town, the foreign quarter, the Museum, the Citadel, and the Pyramids of Gizeh, but we rode on donkeys to see the bazaars and the Oriental life in the narrow streets of the old Arabian quarters, which are mostly inaccessible for carriages.

Most of the bazaars consist of narrow, and often dirty lanes, covered over with an awning, to shade them from the sun, having shops about six feet wide and a dozen feet deep, to which no light is admitted except what comes in at the door. In some of these little dark shops the artisans are working industriously and skilfully, and in others are seen all manner of cunning wonders, such as carpets, rugs, gold-embroidered silks, silver-embroidered cashmeres, sapphires, emeralds, amber, sham antiquities and

Soudan weapons of warfare. The streets are filled with a busy throng of men of all colors and costumes, mixed up with camels and camel-drivers, donkeys and donkey-attendants, generally called donkey-boys by travellers, though they are often grey-bearded men. Whenever I walked the streets near our hotel I was always pestered by donkey-boys wanting me to ride, by beggars asking for "backsheesh," or by persons wanting to be my guide.

Once a donkey-boy called out to me "Does Yankee want to ride good donkey named Yankee-doodle?" when another donkey-boy, seeing that I paid no attention to the question, called out "Shentleman want ride good donkey named Jubilee?" The donkey-boys run barefooted behind the donkey when you ride and hold the donkey while you are off. I have had some experience in riding little donkeys. When I took my first ride I got quite a distance behind Mr. Perley and my donkey-boy seeing this, and thinking he would not get so much "backsheesh"

if he did not keep up with the procession, lashed my donkey into a full run and I got afraid of loosing my balance, and called out, "Stop! stop!" which the Arab donkey-boy thought was a call from me for more whipping, so the more I shouted "stop!" the more he whacked my donkey, till I ran ahead of all the rest. On two other occasions my donkey has turned a complete somersault, throwing me over his head, but fortunately doing me no injury.

It is a common thing to see passing through the wider streets, at a rapid rate, a handsome covered coach and pair of horses, driven by liveried coachmen, preceded by two men, running a little in advance of the horses and coach, dressed down to their bare feet in gorgeous Eastern liveries and carrying poles in their hands, and inside the coach an Egyptian grandee or a couple of ladies, veiled up to their eyes. When visiting the Mohammedan Mosques we had to put slippers on over our boots before being allowed to enter. To each Mosque is attached

a Minaret tower, which may be likened to the dome on our town-hall, provided that dome were placed over the corner of the building, and raised to three times its present height, and a balcony put all around it near the top. From the Minaret of the Mosque, the hours of prayer are proclaimed five times daily.

The military band of a Scotch Highland regiment of the British army used to play at our hotel two or three times a week, and wherever you go in Cairo you will see a British soldier. Over the door of a large building, near the barracks, in conspicuous letters, are these English words, "Head-quarters of the army of Occupation." Reading this gave one a feeling of security, which was enhanced on going to the Citadel, which is a strong fortress, erected on a high hill, occupied by British forces and British batteries commanding the whole city. A magnificent view is obtained from this hill. We see below us, the yellowish-grey city with its countless minarets, domes and gardens, and off to the

west, in the distance, the Pyramids, towering above the desert, and far away, both north and south, is a green plain traversed by the Nile.

One evening Mr. Perley and I went to an Arab music-hall. When just about entering the place we were warned by a British soldier that we would find no Europeans there. He was correct. The audience was of every type and every color except our flesh color. There came on the stage a lady, dressed in a crimson and blue silk gown, leaving a small strip of her person bare, just at and around the waist, with bangles on her ankles, strings of large beads around her waist, and many gold chains around her neck, and began to dance. The band struck up—two men twanging strings, one man beating his fingers on a small drum and three women lifting up a loud nasal chant in one phrase over and over again without any tune. The dance was a wagging of the belly to keep time with the twanging and the jangling of the band, while the lady kept moving slowly on the stage from right to left, and from left to right,

with her face to the audience. Then she would turn around and cross and recross the stage, presenting only her back to the audience, and producing all the while the same kind of constant waggling or twitching of that portion of the back of her body which is below the waist. It was a wonder how she could do it, but interesting mainly to the anatomist. This is what tourists call the Egyptian belly dance. We soon had enough of it.

We spent one day in visiting the enormous dam across the Nile, which is sixteen miles north of Cairo, and which has locks and weirs and gates, that can be raised or lowered, so as to regulate the height of water in the Nile and irrigation canals, and we gave another day to viewing the wonders of the Museum of Gizeh. But the best day we spent at Cairo was the day we spent in going to see the Pyramids of Gizeh. We drove out from Cairo eight miles, over a beautiful road, lined on both sides with fine shade trees, through a level plain, green with growing crops, to where

the Pyramids of Gizeh stand on the very edge of the vast Libyan desert. It was a great refreshment to look at them—so enormous, so moveless, so battered by time and spoilers, and yet so indestructible. The great Pyramid of Kheops covers over twelve acres, and slopes up, in steep high steps, here even like a staircase, there broken away like a cliff-face, and the difficulty in making the ascent is that you often have to cock your leg as high as your head to get from one step to the other, besides which I am liable to giddiness, so I only went up as far as the entrance to the chamber, where, by the aid of a magnesium light, I had a look down into a long, deep, sloping, narrow shaft. This is surely the sublimest monument in the world !

We then went to a spot, near by, where a lot of camels were lying down, to have a camel ride to the Sphinx. I climbed on and sat side-saddle. Then the camel raises himself half way up on his hind legs, giving one a furious heave backwards, next comes a hurl forwards, and lastly, a milder



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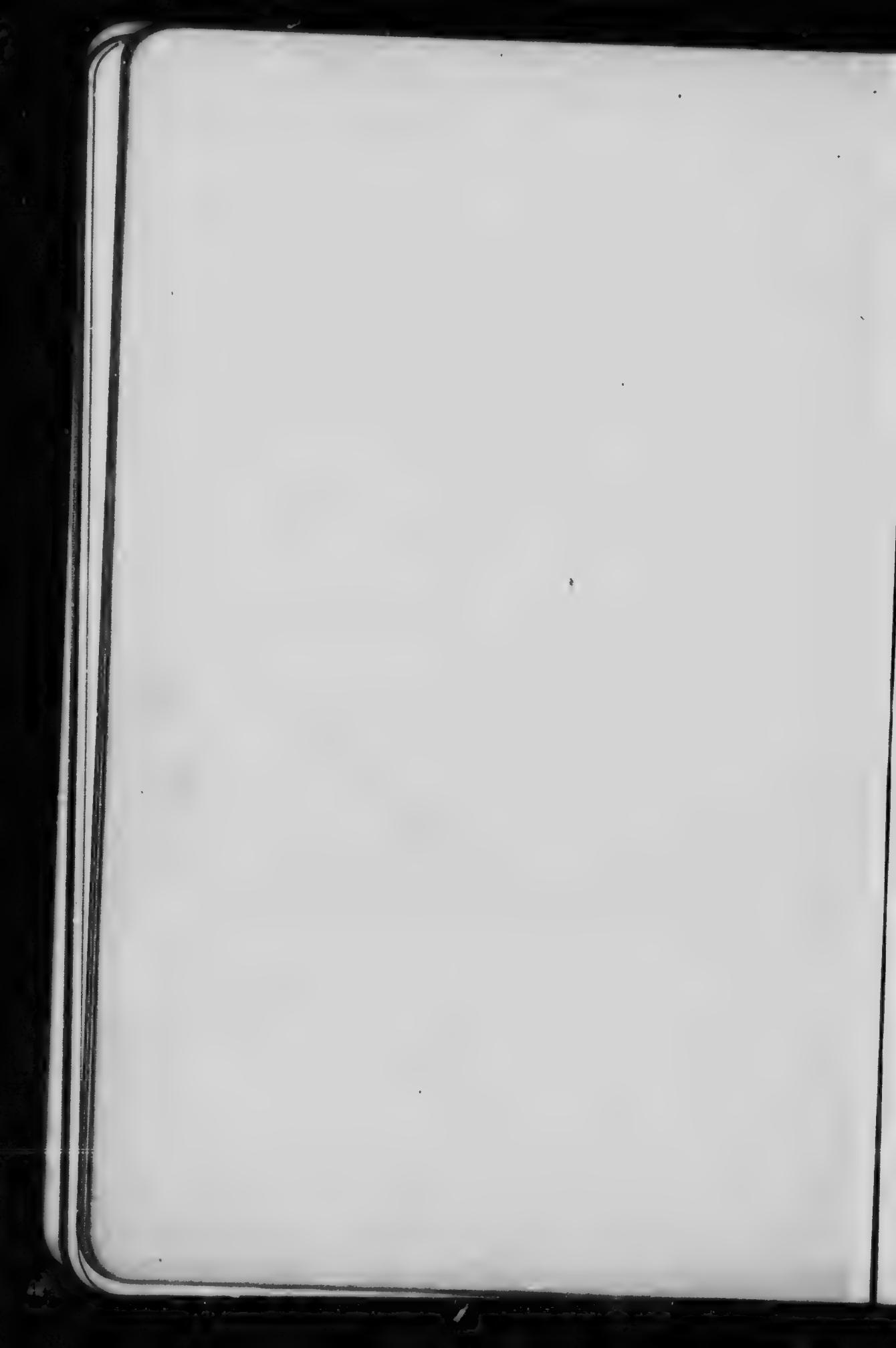
the very edge of  
the cliff, and from  
the top of the cliff  
I could see across  
the valley to the  
steps down  
away from  
the road, and  
by climbing  
the cliff face,  
so I could get up  
and down without  
having to go down  
the road. The  
men in the world

We then went on.  
of camel were flying up  
to the Sphinx. I said,  
Then the camel ran away  
hind legs, giving one kick,  
next comes a hurt towards,

where it  
should  
be, so  
that it  
is not  
in the  
middle.

Mr. Frazier. Mrs. Frazier. Mr. Butler. Mrs. Butler.  
Miss Elizabeth. Miss Elizabeth.  
Deacon Jones.  
Miss Peasey.





pitch backwards again, and the beast stands erect, and I am away up in the air, on the hump of his back, where I ride to the Sphinx, and we have a photograph taken of our party, and then ride back to the great Pyramid.

Our dahabeah named the *Cairo* had started from Cairo on her voyage up the Nile on the 19th December, and, in consequence of having encountered adverse winds, she had only got to Rodah, distant 180 miles by rail from Cairo, by the 5th January, 1899, and we decided to go on board of her at once. It would take the dahabeah at least seven weeks—perhaps more—to go the balance of the way up to Assouan at the first cataract and down the river again to Cairo, including the time required to visit the ancient temples, tombs and monuments on the way. The dahabeah had been started up river seventeen days before we joined her, in order that we might arrive at Assouan before the weather got too hot. Accordingly, taking with us our dragoman, wearing his coat of many

colors, well-named Joseph, we took the railway train to Rodah, which place we reached in about seven hours, after the most dusty railroad ride I ever experienced. The track of the road is always dry—no rain at all—and is exposed every day to the burning, blazing, red-hot African sunshine. Oh ! the dust of Egypt ! such dust ! It is finer than Peter Sherk's patent-process flour. It permeates everything. It goes everywhere. We were glad indeed to leave that dusty train and go on board our dahabeah, which was awaiting us here, tied fast to the chocolate-colored bank of that great river, the Nile.

A dahabeah is a sort of cross between a house boat, a sailing yacht and a row boat, and is about 100 feet long and about 20 feet wide. The after-part is a long house, with twelve windows on each side, and an open balcony at the stern, and above the house part is a deck with an awning, sofas, cushions, hammock and lounge chairs. In front of the house part is a low deck about twenty feet square, and only

some three feet above the water, where the sailors do their work of changing the sails to suit the currents in the air or the windings of the river bed, or the work of pulling, pushing or rowing the boat along, when becalmed or opposed by an adverse wind. Two masts are carried and two triangular sails, one small sail on the rear mast and an enormous sail, balanced on top of the forward mast, towering up to a great height, and at the very apex of this sail is suspended a red and white flag of immense length and tapering down to a point, while over the rear mast floats the Union Jack, to denote the British nationality of the six Canadians aboard. The dining saloon is handsomely carpeted, upholstered and decorated. There are two well-furnished state-rooms, having two beds in each, and two more with one bed each, a bath-room and another pretty saloon at the stern connected with a balcony.

The dahabeah is completely equipped down to the last table napkin and is provisioned during

the whole voyage by its owners, Messrs. Hornstein and Peristiani of Cairo, without any trouble to us. There are twenty-one persons employed in our service on board, consisting of a dragoman and his assistant, a cook and his assistant, a steward and a stewardess, a captain and his assistant, twelve sailors and one man for scullery and laundry work. We are supplied with the very best of everything that the markets of the world afford—good food, good wine, good service, good beds—and now for the comfort and luxury of a two months' cruise on the Nile in this dahabeah, which we can stop when and where we like, and as often and long as we like, and in which the only passengers are our little family party of five persons and a lady friend of my daughter.

We soon settle down in our ready made home, our sails are unfurled, and we sail off slowly, going up stream, against a strong current, and see another dahabeah named the *Bedouin* going in our direction, but flying the American flag,

showing the passengers to be Americans, and ever so many sharp-nosed sailing boats, barges and row-boats going up, down and across the river, then along comes a steam tug towing a great black iron hull laden with sugar-cane, then another tug towing a procession of a dozen barges, and presently we hear a steam whistle sound, and immediately see a great white-painted, three-decked, stern-wheel steamer come ploughing through the water at a rapid rate, and carrying on board nearly a hundred passengers, and as she passes our dahabeah she salutes us by blowing her whistle three times and we return the salutation by lowering and raising our British flag the same number of times.

This is what is seen on the water, but now look on the shores of this wonderful River Nile, which has washed down from the mountains of Abyssinia every inch of tillable soil that Egypt possesses. On the one side is a steep dark-brown bank of hard dried Nile mud, varying in height from ten to twenty feet at this season,

but gradually increasing in height from day to day as the river falls, and on the other distant shore a similar steep bank, or perhaps a gradually sloping bank, covered, when sloping, with bright green growing crops to within a couple of feet from the water's edge. All along both banks are water hoists of two kinds. One variety is a large wooden cog-wheel, fitted with scoops of wood or earthenware, and turned by cattle or camels going around and around, causing all the while a constantly creaking noise. I wonder why they never grease or lubricate those wheels ? They don't.

The other sort is an apparatus resembling the old-fashioned bucket, attached to a weighted pole over a well, worked by one person, drawing the water in leather basket-like pails, and arranged one man above the other. At the bottom a man pulls down the cross-bar till the bucket dips in the river, the weight at the other end of the beam pulls it up and he empties it into a mud hollow six feet up the bank. Down

dips, from the next man above, another bucket to meet it and lifts it to the next pool. Then down dips a third bucket and the dark muddy water is at the top of the bank, swishing away through the ditches, fertilizing and irrigating the fields. These water-lifters wore less and less clothing as we went further south. At first they had on skull-caps and blue shirts, then no shirts and only a breech-cloth, and after that only a napkin, and finally as we approached the first cataract some of them were perfectly nude except for the head-covering. Most of them were protected from the north wind by a wind-break of corn stalks. One of these water-lifters is always singing a monotonous chant or long-drawn-out howl in the same key all day long. I suppose they take turn about at it. An Arab cannot work without hearing constantly this so-called singing.

On either side of the river bank is a flat green plain extending on the west to the base of the rocky Libyan mountains and on the east to the

base of the rocky Arabian mountains. Over and beyond the green rim at the top of the river banks rise groves of palms. Women are filling water from the river into jars and striking erect up the bank bearing the water-jars on their heads. Men in turbans and shirts, barefooted, but occasionally wearing red or yellow shoes, are in great numbers walking on the shore, or working in the fields, or riding on donkeys or camels, or bringing to or from the boats on the river heavy loads of sugar-cane, cotton, farm-produce, stone, etc., balanced on the backs of camels or donkeys. Men are carrying on their backs, or in baskets on their heads, loads of stuff to and from boats on the river. No waggon or wheeled vehicle of any kind is seen in all Egypt except in the cities or larger towns.

After sailing for a while in one direction the river winds off in another direction and we are met by a head wind or no wind at all. When this occurs on the up-river voyage a lot of the sailors go ashore, and pull us along with a rope,

or else take the anchor, attached to a long rope, up stream in a row-boat and sink it and pull our dahabeah to the anchor, or else push us along by means of poles when in shallow water, but on the down-river voyage twelve sailors, with heavy oars attached to rowlocks, row us along down stream whenever the wind is unfavorable, chanting in a kind of nasal wail, with each stroke, as the oars take to the water, these Arabic words, "Ah, sal Allah" repeated six times, and when at the seventh stroke all the oarsmen cry out together "a-a-ah" and so on for the next seven strokes, continuing for a long time, till at last they weary of it and row silently for a while, until suddenly they break out again.

When we came aboard this boat we decided to do no sight-seeing, during the first few days of our voyage, but to take in that part of the river on our return trip. In consequence of continued adverse winds we did not make seventy miles in the first few days of our Nile cruise, but we were in no hurry, for in any case

we should get back to Cairo long before the 12th of March, when the rainy season in Palestine ends, and, therefore, long before we could start for Jerusalem. So we just took everything as it came, during our whole Nile trip, contentedly. We did not worry, we did not plan, we did not arrange about anything. We lounged or walked in the sunshine on deck, or sat easy in one of the saloons and read or loafed, or else we went ashore and walked amid the green fields under the burning rays of an African sun, which was baking out of us the effects of all the Canadian winters we had passed through.

When on these walks we would sometimes be shooting pigeons, which are numerous, and would pass whole villages of mud huts, or an isolated little mud hut pierced by a loop-hole for a window and covered with a roof of corn-stalks or palm leaves, smeared thinly over with Nile mud, and occupied as a dwelling-place for the family, to which was attached a small yard, surrounded with a fence made of dried mud, in

which to keep the cow or the goats and the donkey or camel when not tethered in the fields, and then see young children half blue shirt and half brown nakedness or wholly nude, when the very youngest of them would scream with terror at sight of our white faces, while the older ones and their parents would run after us with the never-ending cry for "backsheesh," "backsheesh."

It has never rained a drop since we came to Egypt. No one here ever remarks to you "It is a fine day." The days here are fine alike. You come up on deck in the morning and see, winding around through the plain, the great wide Nile, whose waters are now steel blue in the sunshine but were coffee brown the previous evening in the shade, and perhaps this morning she is running close along the base of the Libyan mountains on the west, while last night you saw her waters flowing right up against the very rocks of the Arabian mountains on the east. Here lies before you an island of yellow sand and mud, recently uncovered by the gradually receding

Nile, and the captain is uncertain which channel around it he ought to take, as often the deep channel of last year is the shallow channel of this year. On the distant green shore stands a single tall palm, looking, from afar off, like one of our high telegraph poles having an open umbrella on its top, and soon this solitary palm thickens into groves with an occasional clump of acacias. You are never out of sight of sailing-boats on the river or of palms on the land. The palms bear yearly a profitable crop of dates and the owner has to pay an annual tax of eight cents for every palm tree he owns. A tax on trees in our Berlin would hit Mr. Rumpel and me rather hard. You see constantly fields of sugar-cane which is being harvested ever since we came on the river. When sugar-cane is standing in the field it looks just like a field of our Indian-corn sown broad-cast for fodder, only the sugar-cane grows higher without any tassels, and is cut green and the leaves are left in the field and only the stalks sent to the sugar factory, of which

there are many, with long rows of great black smoke-stacks over them, all along the river. You see whole fields and fields of onions wherever you go.

On the fifth day of our sailing on the river we reached Assiut, where we were to get our letters, and make our first excursion on land. Our dragoman Joseph and his assistant Michael went ashore and selected six donkeys for our party and two for themselves, and then, taking ashore four side-saddles for the ladies, the donkeys were saddled and mounted, and, preceded by Joseph and followed by Michael, we were off, riding single file or two abreast, raising a storm of dust through the town and its mud-walled alleys, and along the narrow roads through the bright green fields and arrive at the bottom of the mountain. We climb up the crumbling shale on its steep eastern slope to the tomb of a prince, who was buried here 4,000 years ago. Joseph shows to the guardian at the entrance our tickets from the Egyptian Government entitling us to

see the antiquities, and the new iron door to the forty-centuries old tomb is thrown open. Joseph hands each a lighted candle and we step in. Half a dozen chambers are hewn out of the solid rock which underlies the desert sand. Pictures of the deceased and of women are carved on the solid stone walls which are covered with hieroglyphics. We wander around these great dark chambers and their recesses, till suddenly we are warned not to fall into the mummy-shaft, and we hear the squeak of a bat. Then Joseph drops a stone down into a great square hole and asks us to listen till it strikes the bottom. We listen, and at last we heard it strike the bottom at an enormous depth, where the remains of the dead prince had been deposited thousands of years ago. Then around the dark chamber whirrs a bat. I always did hate bats, so I hurried out, followed by the rest.

We then entered some more tombs of the same kind. The ladies seemed to enjoy it immensely—asked why—they said it was so old,

so very o-l-d, but for myself I was not sure there was very much in it after all, and I ventured to say so, when Joseph cried out "Just wait till you get to Luxor." We then decided to push on, 200 miles farther up the river, to Luxor, and see the grand display of antiquities there, first, and take in the intermediate places on our way back. When we returned to our welcoming dahabeah we found, closely by, another dahabeah, flying the British flag, occupied by a Canadian and his wife from Moncton, New Brunswick, whose acquaintance we made, and finding them very agreeable people, we had them to lunch on board our dahabeah, and, on a subsequent day, they had us lunch with them on their boat.

Our sailors struggle and toil, from day to day, against wind and current, till, at last, after we had been seventeen days on the Nile, we see Luxor on the eastern bank and along the shore a string of dahabeahs, amongst them being that of our Canadian friends, and we draw up alongside.

Our guide book has eighty pages devoted to a description of the monuments and ruins in and around Luxor, but I had purposely avoided reading any of it, that I might form my own impressions. We spent six days here. There are ruins of two temples on the east bank, situate a couple of miles apart, formerly connected, and now the temples of Luxor and Karnak. We decided we would first view the temple of Karnak, so, mounted on donkeys, wearing white helmets on our heads, we galloped away to the main entrance to the temple of Ammon at Karnak, the portal of which is a stone wall, 16 feet thick, about 400 feet wide, and about 150 feet high. We enter and pass through various courts and vestibules and then go outside over heaps of rubbish that have been carried and piled here, when uncovering the buried temple, till we come to the double rows of huge stone sphinxes, which lead from the Nile to one of the temple-portals, and we then pass between these rows and come to what is called the great Hypostyle Hall, and look at its

forest of 134 stone columns nearly 100 feet high and nearly 40 feet in circumference, standing amidst gigantic figures of gods and kings, and supporting enormous stone roof-slabs, while other columns, with the roof they supported, have either fallen or seem about to fall,\* and we suddenly stop, and stand speechless with wonder, till, presently, we all exclaim "Oh, my ! Oh, my !" Then we wander around amongst the immense ruins of the most magnificent and gigantic temple that the world has ever seen. It was commenced at least 4,000 years ago and was built piece-meal by many of the different kings of Egypt who kept thousands of men working at it for hundreds of years. It is impossible for me to describe the enormous proportions of this vast temple.

Then we go to the temple of Luxor which, to my unpractised eye, seems to be just as huge and grand as that of Karnak. Here we see great colossal statues of one of the Pharaohs, cut out of solid stone, and each of them being nearly fifty feet high, and obelisks, each being

\*Since this was written several columns have fallen.

cut from a single piece of solid stone, towering up to an enormous height and covered over with hieroglyphics, then more vast colonnaded halls. These two temples were in the ancient capital city of Egypt, "the hundred-gated Thebes" that Homer sang of, and were much injured and defaced by the Persian and Roman invaders and by the early Christians, but were saved from further injury by having been completely covered up, for hundreds of years, by soil, sand and rubbish brought over them by the wind and by the waters of the yearly inundations of the Nile, and have been only recently partially excavated. The work of excavation is still going on.

We devoted one day to a long canter on donkeys to see more temples of the same kind and some rock tombs, and then after resting a day we got an early start—crossed the river in our small row-boat—accompanied by Joseph and Michael, who brought along a well-filled luncheon basket, a table, and camp-stools, which were lashed on the back of a donkey—we all

mounted donkeys and galloped over a small island and waded through a shallow branch of the Nile, then away we scampered over the bright green cultivated plain, followed by the donkey-boys, shouting "hah," "haw" (meaning "get along") till we arrive at the edge of the fertile belt, and then, after a very long, slow, and hot ride, over a path winding up and through the Libyan mountains, we reach a point in the edge of the desert where all is solitude and desolation and here in the side of a hill of rocks is a square hole which is the entrance to the tomb of one of the ancient kings of Egypt, enclosed now by an iron door, but formerly covered and concealed by huge rocks. As we enter, each takes a lighted candle, and our dragoman has also a magnesium lamp, and we first come into a small square chamber, hewn out of the rock, and figured over with hieroglyphics and with pictures of queer-looking men and monstrous-headed gods.

The gods are pictured in the form of a man

from the feet up to the neck and then, instead of a human shaped head, they have the head of a hawk, or a jackal, or a lion, or a crocodile, or the like. They still shine, and sometimes brilliantly, with the blue, yellow and vermillion that was put on them 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. You go on through a long corridor, then down a steep slope, then through another long corridor, and then down another steep slope, then a third long corridor, and lastly down a third steep slope, and there, before you, 330 feet from the entrance, is the great black granite sarcophagus in which was placed the mummied body of the dead Pharaoh thousands of years ago. On coming out of this tomb we go a little farther along the mountain trail, and enter another tomb of a king, and then another, and find the structure of these tombs is much the same in all, and that the walls throughout are covered with hieroglyphics and pictures.

There are dozens more of such tombs in the vicinity, but we had visited enough enjoyable

tombs for one day, so we had our luncheon table spread right inside of the entrance to a king's tomb and after lunch we played a few games of pedro. What a desecration! Then we visited another vast temple at the foot of these mountains, and going around, along the edge of the green plain, we came to a large group of ruined temples in which were standing giant pillars and lofty stone colonnades, and in front of a portal to a temple is the gigantic stone statue of Rameses II, the "Pharaoh of the oppression" mentioned in the Bible (Exodus, Chapter xi). This statue is of most enormous size and weight—nearly sixty feet high and its total weight is over two million pounds—and, where not battered and injured, is beautifully chiselled and polished. The wonder is how they ever brought here the immense block of solid granite for this statue from the stone quarries over a hundred miles away.

We return to our dahabeah in time, and with an appetite, to enjoy our evening meal and, after

so much open air exercise, retire early, sleep soundly, and, when we awake next morning, we find our boat is sailing up the Nile, and we are out of sight of the little village of Luxor which is built right over the ruins of the once mighty Thebes. Our huge sails are filled for three consecutive days, with steady winds from the north, and we fly along till, early in the afternoon of a lovely warm day, we see the white-washed mud houses of Assouan on the east bank, and a long string of dahabeahs, flying the flags of many nations, moored to the west bank, which is here Elephantine Island, and we draw up among them, when our sailors tie our boat's nose to the anchor and pitch the anchor on the island shore. With Joseph and half a dozen sailors we all go in our row-boat, first around this island, and then across the river to Assouan for letters from home. We rode on donkeys to the stone quarries from which the ancient Egyptians got their supplies of granite for their pyramids, obelisks, and statues, and saw lying in the quarry an

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Our dahabieh the "Cairo" with our party, our dragoman, captain, and assistant captain, on the upper deck; stewardess, steward, cooks, sailors and servants on the stairs and lower deck; and the city of Assouan in the distance.



stewardess, steward, cooks, sailors and servants on the stairs and lower deck;  
and the city of Assouan in the distance.



enormous unfinished stone obelisk. We spent another day in riding on donkeys across the desert to the shore of the Nile, opposite the Island of Philae, where we hired a large row-boat, which took us, first to that island to view the very large and imposing temple upon it, and then down the river, over the rapids of the first cataract to Assouan. These rapids, while very considerable, are not to be compared with the great rapids at Lachine on our own St. Lawrence River, but they cannot be seen much longer, as enormous numbers of men are now working under an English contractor and English engineers at building a dam across the Nile, right over this cataract, at a cost of twenty-five million dollars, in order to hold back the waters of the Nile till wanted for irrigation purposes. While at Assouan we had a photograph taken of our dahabeah, having on board our whole party, boat's crew, and staff of servants, except Michael, who happened to be away at the time.

I am always on the lookout for a Canadian in

this far away land, and I found one here in the person of the Rev. F. J. Steen, M.A., of Montreal, Canada, formerly of our own Berlin, who has been in Assouan since early in November, 1898, and looks exceedingly well. We had him dine with us on our dahabeah and he and I enjoyed a long two hours' walk away out on the sandy, silent desert where we found that all the smaller stones were as round as marbles from having been rolled around back and forwards over the desert by the action of the winds for thousands of years. We had been in Assouan for five days, and we now started, on the 2nd February, 1899, on our return voyage, going with the current down stream, on our way back to Cairo, and I have concluded not to write any more till after we reach Cairo and then add a brief description of our return trip and conclude this article at Port Said on our departure from Egypt.

It is now just a month since I commenced this article, when away up at the first cataract, and

we have been all that time on board our dahabeah sailing or being rowed down the Nile or making excursions on shore. We made a great many more visits ashore on our return trip than we made when going up, and we have seen all the important temples, tombs, pyramids, monuments and relics of antiquity on both sides of the Nile between Cairo and the first cataract. The weather has been just perfect ever since we came to Egypt. In the daytime it resembles a lovely fine June day in Canada, while the nights are deliciously cool and pleasant. The keynote of life on board a dahabeah on the Nile is peace. The variety in it is the excursionising ashore and the ever-changing scenes presented to your view while sailing along from day to day. Now you see an Egyptian ploughing his fields with a pair of oxen yoked wide apart, drawing, by a long pole or wooden tongue, a queer-shaped wooden plough, in exactly the same way it was done 5,000 years ago, and you at once recognize it in the pictures of the ploughman at his work as

chiselled on the ancient monuments. When you get down the river to within about fifty miles of Cairo you begin to see pyramids again. We went to see the first one that came into view. It is known as the false Pyramid of Medium—a vast structure built 6,000 years ago—now much battered and injured. On another day we went ashore and had quite a long ride to see great groups of the Pyramids and Tombs of Sakkara. It would take up too much space to describe them here.

One day, on our down-river voyage, we stopped in the morning at Dendera, to visit the large temple of Hathor, situated a couple of miles back from the river, after we had got pretty well cloyed on temples tombs and ancient monuments, and so were in a mood to get amusement out of any unusual incident of modern everyday life and we got it here. Standing moored to the shore was a large steamer having on board eighty of Cook's tourists—"Cookies" as they are often called—and

standing on shore in a long line of pens or open stalls were at least a hundred donkeys and along side of these pens were as many donkey-boys and all around the pens were shoals of natives, old and young, shouting "backsheesh," and then, as the passengers came on shore, the donkey-boys would call out incessantly "good donkey" and crowd around every tourist trying to force him to take his mount. It was pandemonium. Some of the ladies mounted chairs and were each borne off by means of two poles, palanquin fashion, on the shoulders of four men. The rest of the ladies were lifted on to donkeys and the men climbed on the little beasts, with their feet in saddle stirrups reaching nearly to the ground, and then the donkey-boys screamed and yelled "hah, haw" and whacked the donkeys, and they all streamed off over the green plain, when we see three lead off in a gallop and suddenly the leader falls and the two behind him tumble over too and all are in a heap, but they immediately rise up and mount again and are off, so none are

hurt. We returned to our dahabeah and sat down to breakfast, and Joseph went out to get donkeys. Just as we were done breakfast we heard the awful bray of a donkey, so we thought Joseph had returned, but on looking out no donkeys were to be seen, but there sat on the bank a blind man imitating the hideous bray of a donkey to perfection. Then he imitated, in the most wonderful manner, the gobbling of a turkey, the crowing of a cock, the cackling of a hen, the crying of a child, the barking of a dog, and finally the noise made by two dogs when fighting. If this man could stand the climate of North America he would be worth a lot of money to Barnum's circus.

When the moon shines at night on the calm and placid waters of the Nile and on the bright green rim along the top of its shores, and on the yellow mountain frame around the flat green plain, the scene is one of great beauty, but when there is no moon the night is, or seems to be, much darker than a star-light night with us.

The most beautiful sight of all is a Nile sunset. It is unique and wonderful. We often sat on deck and watched the sun go down behind the Libyan mountains and although lost to our view she was still shining on the yellow sands of the Libyan desert, when behold! in the western sky we saw large mountain-shaped spots of turquoise blue, surrounded by yellow saffron and golden clouds of various shades, sizes, and shapes, and then looking to the east we saw an after-glow of pink and azure in the blue eastern sky and turning again to the west, just as the sun was ceasing to shine on the desert, we saw the yellow saffron and golden clouds change color to various shades of red, pink and crimson, and then, suddenly, it all disappeared, and there was "darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt," to quote from the Bible. It was the most gorgeous and glorious sunset I ever saw.

On our voyage down the river on the 23rd of February at about noon we reached Rodah or

Rhoda, being the place at which we had gone on board our dahabeah on the 6th January, and we decided to go ashore to be shown through a large sugar factory. This was a very interesting thing for us to see, as we followed the process from its inception, when the sugar water was squeezed out of the sugar cane by powerful machinery, and thence on through all the different stages till the finished article of fine white sugar was produced.

One day a small native boat, loaded heavily with stone, came too near our dahabeah and broke one of our oars, which was said to be worth \$7 in our money. Our captain immediately boarded the small boat, with two of our sailors accompanying him, and took possession of the native's boat and tried to get paid for his oar, but the boatman in charge of the small boat would not or could not pay, whereupon our captain gave him a blow on the head, and this not having the desired effect, our captain and two sailors remained in possession of the small

boat and carried the man off to the nearest town and brought him before the native judge. Our captain retained a native lawyer to plead his case for which our captain had to pay the lawyer a counsel fee equal to ten cents in our money. The judge decided the case against our captain on the ground that Allah (that is, God) did it, and we went on our way, but there was no thought of punishing our captain for his action in the matter.

Whenever we went ashore and moved around among the curious natives we had to depend on our dragoman Joseph Bassil—a most satisfactory servant—to keep the native Egyptians at a safe distance and to protect us from all kinds of worry. Joseph always carried a rawhide whip, which he often had to use on the donkey-boys and other natives to keep them in order. At Edfu on the left bank of the Nile some twenty-five or thirty donkey-boys (at least half of whom were old men) actually fought with one another for the right to carry only eight of us (including

our two dragomen) on their donkeys to a temple near there. The fee to be paid by the owner of the donkeys to each of the eight donkey-boys who would be successful in this fierce struggle, would be only eight cents for each trip to the temple, but they all showed the most terrible and crazy anxiety to get it and Joseph could only prevent them from tearing our saddles in pieces by striking with his rawhide the ones he did not want, and, strange to say, these poor-spirited Egyptians did not seem to resent such treatment. While the thirty donkey-boys with their thirty donkeys were all crowding around us, and while Joseph was lashing at them with his whip, one of the donkeys stepped on little Ethel Perley's foot and she began to cry. At this juncture along came a little bare-footed native boy, wearing only a skull cap and a white shirt, who called out in good Bible English, "Why does the little girl weep?" This put Ethel and all of us in good humor and we soon mounted and rode off to the temple, followed by

a crowd of the natives and that little boy running close alongside of Ethel's donkey all the way there and back and chattering all the time in that peculiar English he had learned at the Mission school.

During all day of the 1st of March there was such a high wind from the north, blowing up the Nile, that our sailors could make no headway against it, and accordingly our dahabeah was tied to the shore, under the protection of a high bank. Joseph went off to the nearest railway station and telegraphed the state of affairs to our tourist agent, Mr. Hornstein at Cairo, who soon afterwards came up by rail and joined us, and while we were all in bed and asleep that night the sailors began rowing us down the river and early in the forenoon of the following day we came in sight of the city of Cairo and soon landed just above the great iron bridge which crosses the Nile in that city. We had now been nearly two months on board of this houseboat, which in Egypt is universally called a dahabeah,

and we had spent a most enjoyable time and at the end of our Nile trip we were all well and happy.

After sending the ladies in a hack to our hotel, Mr. Perley and I went, with our tourist agent, to the bank to get money put up in seventeen different parcels to be given by us as "tips" or presents, or as "backsheesh," to our two captains, twelve common sailors, two cooks, and the scullery man. These people get very small wages from the owners of the dahabeah, but they always expect to receive, and, in fact, do invariably receive, at the end of each trip on the Nile, from those who hired the dahabeah, a certain fixed sum dependent on the amount of each person's wages and the length of time occupied in making the trip. Any tourist agent in Cairo can tell you just how much is the proper amount to be paid for this purpose to each of the natives composing the crew of the dahabeah with as much accuracy as he can tell you the price of a railway ticket. On our return to the dahabeah each of

these seventeen persons was called, one at a time, before Mr. Perley and me and received his largess. Our four white servants were then given such "tips" or gratuities as we thought proper.

The steward and stewardess, Mr. and Mrs. Balgi, informed us that they were going immediately to Turkey where they will keep the Hotel or Pension Bel-Air at Pera in the city of Constantinople and if they manage it as well as they did their part of the management of our dahabeah I am sure it will be a well-kept place. As our dragoman Joseph is a native of Bayreuth in Syria, we engaged him to guide us on our contemplated trip to Jerusalem, and through the Holy Land. We then left the dahabeah in which we had enjoyed such a long and pleasant cruise and joined the ladies of our party at the Grand Hotel.

In the evening of the first day of our return to Cairo there was a grand Egyptian wedding, at which an official of the government, aged about forty, was married to a young girl of about fif-

teen years of age. Our agent in Cairo had secured for the ladies of our party the privilege of attending this wedding, but no foreign gentlemen were allowed to go. Shortly before nine o'clock p.m. the ladies, with our dragoman, left the hotel in a closed hack, each lady taking a bouquet of flowers to be given to the bride's mother on their arrival, and on their return they informed us that they were not allowed to see the actual wedding ceremony. After a long drive through many narrow streets they reached the house of the bride's father and entered by the women's quarter, where they were met by a colored man, who showed them through many halls and passages, after which they reached a large crowded room, which was packed full with women and children, all of whom were guests and a few of whom were English-speaking ladies.

It was a strange sight and difficult to describe. They were permitted to view the bridal chamber which was a mass of white satin and gold embroidery. After waiting for hours the bride at

last arrived, dressed beautifully in white satin, and glittering all over with diamonds and jewels. She took her seat on a raised platform, which was covered over on top, with a canopy, like a throne dais. Besides the chair that she occupied there was an empty chair, along side of her, for the bridegroom, when he came, but no one was allowed to witness his entrance into the room. The English strangers were permitted to look through an open window into the men's court or apartment, which appeared to be filled with Egyptian male guests. Before leaving the ladies had an excellent supper, and returned to our hotel at a late hour.

We decided to stay ten days in Cairo and during all that time we had beautiful sunshine every day, though during part of the time there were very strong winds. The 7th of March was the anniversary of my daughter's birthday and, as if to celebrate that event, there happened to be, on that very day, a great military review, given in honor of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught,

who were passing through Cairo, on their way back from Assouan, where the Duke had been to lay the foundation stone of the great dam across the Nile. Everybody seemed to be present at this review and besides seeing the Duke and Duchess, we saw the Khedive of Egypt, Lord Cromer and other notables, and we enjoyed it all ever so much.

On our arrival in Cairo in December we made the acquaintance of a young Canadian (who has greatly distinguished himself in Egypt) by means of a letter of introduction to him, which we brought with us from his father in Canada. I refer to Major Girouard, a son of one of the judges of the Supreme Court of Canada, who was then Director-General of all the Egyptian Government railways and was getting a salary of \$10,000 a year, which is much more than our government pays to his father. He had been a young lieutenant in the railway department of the Royal Engineers in the British army and was selected, with two other subalterns, to

superintend the construction of the Soudan military railway, but, as the other two died from the effects of the climate, our hardy young Canadian had to go on and do the work alone and he did it well and in time for the battles of Atbara and Omdurman and was rewarded with his responsible office under the Egyptian Government.

Early in January, before we made our trip up the Nile, the Major had our party to dinner with him at the new Hotel Savoy, and we had intended to return the compliment by having him dine with us on our dahabeah when we would be at Luxor, as he expected to be up there when we would reach that point, but owing to adverse winds we only arrived there two days after he had gone ; accordingly, as we had been unable to see him up the river, we had him dine with us at the Grill Room of Sheppard's Hotel on the evening of the 11th of March, being the eve of our departure from Egypt for the Holy Land. When the Major bade us good-bye, he was very particular

to know what train we would take on the following day for our journey by rail from Cairo to Ismailia.

On our arrival at the railway station the next day at noon we found we were being anxiously watched for by several liveried servants of the railway, who immediately took us to a special car, which had been reserved for our use by Major Girouard. Since the above was written, and before this edition was printed, the Major has been knighted and been transferred by the British Government from Egypt to South Africa, where he has become well and favorably known as Sir Percy Girouard, chief director of the British military railways during the war with the Boers.

In this special car we travelled from Cairo to Ismailia, going at first through bright green fields till we left the fertile belt which lies along both sides of the Nile, and then we passed through a barren waste of desert sand and in a few hours we reached Ismailia, where we had to change

cars, and then go for fifty miles along the banks of the Suez Canal, on the narrow gauge railway owned by the Canal company, to Port Said.

Immediately after leaving Ismailia we saw a great German steamer, the *Prinz Heinrich*, which seemed to us to be sailing along through the desert sand, but on coming nearer we found she was steaming her way slowly along on that narrow strip of water known as the Suez Canal. In the Canal itself we saw, all along, great steam dredges constantly at work, scooping up sand and spouting the sand out over the banks of the Canal. We arrived at Port Said at about seven o'clock p.m., and immediately went, by means of a small row-boat, to our steamer, which was standing out in the harbor, and which was owned by an English company and of which the captain was an Englishman, and we then steamed away from Port Said on the Mediterranean Sea on our way to Jaffa in Syria. After we had our dinner on board we went to bed, expecting that when we would rise in the following morning we would

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be able to see, from the deck of our steamer, the shores of the Holy Land and that we would land at Jaffa before noon of that day and then go, during the afternoon of the same day, by railway train from Jaffa to Jerusalem. So soon as our visit to Palestine is over, we go to Rome and other Italian cities, and then by way of Nice and Paris to London, and expect to reach home in Canada early in the month of June, 1899.

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